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DONNYBROOK.

VERILY, Donnybrook fair is, to all intents and purposes, "dead and gone;" for the modern wretched assemblage of hungry-looking cattle, dogs'-meat horses, measly swine, and forlorn-looking human creatures, obliged to content themselves with staring at the exterior of the show-booths, for want of the means to visit the interior, no more resembles the Donnybrook of the past, than a troop of the old "bulkies," armed with their Arcadian crooks, and helmeted with their old woollen night-caps, resembled a squadron of lancers.

Alas! alas! how every thing is altered! No longer does the quiet citizen dread the approach of Trinity Sunday; no longer does he think it necessary to barricade his windows, and postpone exterior painting for a week or two, in order to save his glass and the decorator's labour from the nocturnal industry of the gentle College students.

The students never mustered in much force at Donnybrook, because it unluckily came during the long vacation; but there were enough at any time to kick up a shindy or scrimmage (by modern innovators called "a row"), for, between those who resided in town, and such as for various reasons kept the vacation within the College walls, a pretty decent muster could, upon an emergency, be called together.

It was upon the 26th of August—isn't it strange that I should recollect the day of the month, though I forget the year!—that Bob O'Gorman, Dan Sweeny, Dick Hall, and a few other under-graduates of T.C.D., resolved to go to the fair and have a spree.

Dick was a little, delicate, effeminate-looking "ould crab," and so smock-faced that he would easily pass for a girl, and a rather good-looking one, if dressed in female attire.

But Dick's effeminacy was confined to his looks, for his muscular power far exceeded that of any man an inch or two more in stature, or a stone more in weight. He was a perfect master of the small-sword, had no match at single-stick; and woe to the unhappy wretch who fell under the discipline of his little bony fists, for he was an accomplished amateur in the science of pugilism, then but little known and less practised than subsequently by gentlemen.

On the present occasion it was resolved that Dick should sustain the character of a girl, and much fun was anticipated from the punishment that the remainder of the party would inflict upon any presumptuous individual who should dare to molest the modest fair one.

At the end of the double range of tents called "Dame-street," was one called "the Larkers;" and as this was uniformly crowded by citizens of Dublin, it was scarcely possible for any one, residing but for a month in town, not to be recognised by some person present, who immediately passed the name of the new-comer round, and he was surprised (if a raw one) to hear himself addressed by name, by persons whom he never saw in his life before.

It was at the entrance of this tent that a countryman stood, attired in the usual large frieze over-coat (which, from its being worn in summer as well as winter, might lead a stranger to suppose that there seldom or never is a hot day in Ireland), and accompanied by a pretty, bashful-looking girl, apparently fresh from the "interior." After gazing for a considerable time, some gentlemen, amused by the wonderment that he exhibited, and probably somewhat touched by his companion's charms, called to him to "come in." With some reluctance he accepted the invitation, and, fearful of intruding upon the "gentlemin," seated himself awkwardly upon the end of a form; up it tilted, and down he went, to the great delight of the beholders. Having gathered himself up, he re-seated himself more firmly, placing "Biddy" near him, she having declined all offers of other accommodation pressed on her by the company.

Paddy O'Neill (the name by which he announced himself), having been pretty well plied with punch, had grown very voluble, and seemed to be beginning to feel himself quite at home, had told many queer stories, and made his entertainers laugh very heartily, when two elderly gentlemen, closely muffled, entered rather stealthily, and sliding over, suddenly seated themselves behind Paddy. Biddy, who had been hitherto quite silent, answering every compliment or remark addressed to her only with a smile, gave Paddy a nudge, and whispered something into his ear, that caused him to turn and gaze at the new arrivals.

"Arrah, thin, Docthor M——, aghrah, who'd ha' thought o' meetin' you here?" said he, addressing one of them, who

sprang at the mention of his name, as if he had sat on the point of a stray nail; he and his companion Dr H——, both senior fellows of Trinity College, having disguised themselves, as they thought effectually, for the purpose of seeing, for the first time in their lives, the fair, and the fun of it, without being recognised in such an uncanonical assemblage. With this object they had avoided exposing themselves to the risk of walking down the tent, but had merely slipped in to reconnoitre from behind the shelter of the frieze-coated customer, who now, so inopportunistically and innocently, had announced the name of one of them.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Dr M.; "you mistake me, sir."

"Arrah, docthor darlint, sure iv I mistake ye, ye needn't get into sich a comfustration about it; bud sure I know ye too well to mistake ye. Sure, aint I the boy that had the misforthin to dhrop yer honor's riverince into the bog-hole, whin ye wint out to make believe ye were snipe shootin', down at Colonel Thrench's, last Candlemas was a twelmonth."

"I don't know you, sir!" roared the doctor in an agony, hoping by his ferocity to overawe the countryman into silence; but Paddy had taken too much punch to notice the tone, and seemed incapable of entertaining or following up more than one idea at a time, and the one now before him was that of forcing himself, will he nill he, upon the recollection of the worthy doctor.

"Ye don't know me!—well, listen to that!—ye don't know me!—oh, well, iv that doesn't flog! Arrah, thin, maybe ye don't recollect the bog-hole that ye wanted me to carry ye over, an' ye war so mortal heavy that my fut slipped, an' I had the luck to fall an my face, jist at the very edge iv the slush, an' ye pitched right over, head foremost, into the very middle iv id; an' iv id was't for the good luck that yer legs stuck out, jist the laste taste in life, by which I got a bould iv ye, sure wouldn't ye be lost intirely? An' don't ye!"

"Hold your tongue, you infernal scoundrel!" roared the enraged doctor, who saw that every eye was fixed upon him, and every one's attention drawn to the spot, from the eagerness of manner and stentorian voice of Paddy, whose reminiscence had produced a roar of laughter. Escape, too, was utterly hopeless, for the tent had been filling, and the doorway was blocked up by those who were pressing forward from the outside to get a view of the speaker. "Hold your tongue, sirrah; you mistake me for some one else. I never was thrown into a bog-hole in my life."

"Oh! pillelieu! meellia murder! listen to that—as iv any one that iver seen Docthor M—— ov Thrinity College could iver mistake him agin; bud sure Docthor H—— there 'ill may be help out yer mimory [Dr H—— gave a writhe, for he had hoped to have escaped, at least]; sure he was at the colonel's whin ye war brought home in the muck."

This announcement of the names and address of both the unfortunate betrayed, was received with a shout, whilst Paddy's earnestness to free himself from the charge of having blundered, increased every moment, and reminiscence followed reminiscence, each in a louder tone than the preceding, until his argument became a perfect shout, whilst the unlucky S.F.T.C.D.'s strove to out-bellow him with their denials, and the audience laughed, shouted, and danced with glee at the fun.

"I protest," bawled Dr H——, "that I do not know Colonel Thrench. You mistake, my honest man; I never was at his place in my life. My friend here, Dr M——, knows him, and has been there often; but I have not, I assure you."

"Oh! you ass," bellowed Dr M——, "what do you acknowledge my name for? 'Tis no wonder they call you 'Leather-head H——.'"

A renewed roar followed this piece of blundering recrimination.

"Never at Colonel Thrench's!—not you!—oh! ye desavin' ould villain!" screamed the hitherto silent Biddy. "Not you!—Do ye know me!—do ye!—do ye!!—Do-o-o-o-o ye!!!" every repetition of "do ye" being louder and longer than the last, until she finished in a terrific long shriek, squeezing her hands together upon her knees, and stamping alternately with her feet, with a rapidity that gave the effect of a shake to her voice.

"I do protest and declare," shouted the worthy doctor, "that I never, to my knowledge, saw your face before."

"Arrah, Biddy, avourneen, is this the ould Turk that ye tould me about, bud wouldn't minton his name, that was so imperant to ye? Scaub his face, the ould thief! and let me

see iv he dar purvint ye, my darlin'. Tache him to behave himself to unpurlected faymales!"

Biddy, who seemed quite inclined to forestall her companion's orders, had sprung upon the unlucky doctor before the sentence was half finished. He strove in vain to shake her off; she clung to him like a wild-cat, screaming, shrieking, scolding, biting, scratching, and tearing, until at length she maddened him past all endurance by pulling two handfuls of hair successively out of the little that remained on his skull, for which he repaid her with two furious blows.

The spectators, who had hitherto looked on, and merely laughed at the entire affair as an excellent joke, had undergone a change of sentiment upon hearing the innuendo contained in Paddy's last speech; and, no longer considering the old gentlemen as a pair of innocents amusingly "blown," they now looked upon them as a pair of wicked old profligates, worse than young ones; and one, more zealous than the rest, shouting out "shame! to strike the girl," stretched Dr H— with a blow.

Dr M., irascible at all times, now lost all self-possession, and, unable to reach his friend's new assailant, turned furiously upon the cause of all his woe, and bestowed a shower of blows with his stick upon Paddy, before the latter had time to bring his cudgel to parry them. He soon recovered himself, however, and from defendant quickly became assailant.

Many of the bystanders indignantly called out, "Murder the ould villain—knock out his brains, Paddy. That's right, Biddy; flitther him!" and several proceeded to give a helping hand to the good work; but others thought it was a shame for a whole lot of people to fall upon two, and in their love for justice they ranged themselves alongside the reverend doctors, shouting, "fair play's a jewel!" The fight thickened, volunteers joining either rank every moment, in the laudable endeavour to keep up the balance of power. Biddy had quitted her grip of the doctor, and was now, to the surprise of those who had time to look about them (and they were few), engaged in the endeavour to wrench a stick out of the hands of a huge hulk of an Englishman, who, having merely gone to see the fun at Donnybrook, without the most remote idea of joining in a fight, could not be persuaded of the necessity of giving his stick, as he did not intend to use it himself, to one who *did*, and that one "a female!" At first he laughed; but he was quickly obliged to put forth all his strength to retain it, and, whilst twisting about, he caught a stray blow that floored him; he fell against a table, which of course over-set; the confusion increased, when a shout suddenly arose, "Hurrah for Dr M.—! Hurrah for Dr H.—! College to the rescue!—Trinity!—Trinity!"

At the well-known war-cry of the students, several changed sides; those who had just been defending the doctors now turned upon them, whilst many of their late assailants ranged themselves on their side. The citizens, thinking that the number of students must be small, rushed to the spot, to pay off sundry old scores; but one would imagine that the cry of "Trinity! Trinity!" which resounded on all sides, was a sort of spell, or incantation, that raised spirits from the earth, so many voices responded to the call.

The unfortunate doctors, who had just expected nothing short of utter annihilation, felt their spirits rise at the prospect of aid and rescue, and bellowed with might and main, "Trinity! Trinity!" and in a few minutes they were the nucleus of a fight in which the whole fair had joined.

"The poliss!—the poliss!—here come the bloody poliss!" was now the cry; and the horse police dashed into the mob with their customary ardour, their spurs fastened in their horses' flanks causing them to plunge, and bite, and kick most furiously, and laying about them with their swords, cutting at every thing and every one within their reach; luckily they did not know the sword exercise, and, therefore, when they struck with the edge, it was only by accident. In a jiffy, the reverend seniors, caught in the very act of shouting "Trinity!" were handcuffed, as were also the Englishman, who got a blow of a sabre from a policeman that nearly took off his ear, for attempting to expostulate; Paddy, who submitted quietly; and Biddy, after a severe tussle, in which she reefed one policeman's face, and nearly bit the thumb off another. They were all put together into a jingle, and conducted by a mounted escort to town; the police hurrying them for fear of a rescue, by keeping continually whaling the driver with the flats of their swords, and prodding the horse with the points, which so enraged the jarvy, that when he got near the corner of Leeson-street, Stephen's-green, where two

or three hundred of his brethren were assembled, having whipped his Rosinante into a gallop, he drove against a brewer's dray, by which his traces were smashed, his horse set free, the jingle locked fast, and he, springing off his perch, shouted out, "down with the bloody poliss!"

In an instant the mob rushed upon them. Paddy and Biddy, with an alacrity and agility truly astonishing, sprang from the lofty vehicle, plunged into the crowd (where there were plenty of willing hands to free them from the handcuffs), and escaped. Nor were the worthy doctors slow in following their example, the only prisoner that remained being the bewildered Englishman, who suffered "only" a three months' incarceration in his majesty's jail of Newgate for going to see Donnybrook, and the fun at it, his sentence having been mercifully mitigated, in consideration of its being his first offence!

"Well," said Dr H—, when he went with his head bandaged up, a shade over his right eye, and about twenty bits of sticking plaster stuck over his face, to visit Dr M— (who was unable to leave his bed for a week), "well, what a fool I was to be persuaded by you to go to Donnybrook fair! what a pretty exhibition we would have made at the police office this morning! Was it not most fortunate that we made our escape?"

"I have been thinking," said (or rather groaned) Dr M—, "who that scoundrelly country fellow could be. I never fell into a bog in my life—that was all a lie; and still the black-guard's face was familiar to me."

"I think he was very like that scapegrace Robert O'Gorman, only that he had light hair; and though I could take my oath I know nothing of that infamous little wretch that they called Biddy, yet I do think I have seen her face before—hum—"

"Could it have been that he disguised himself, eh! I'll inquire into it, and if he did, by"—

"I think," my dear M—, "you had better let it alone; the less we say about it the better. You know we really led the fight—that's a fact that can't be denied; though it surprises me how we were hooked into it."

A rustle at the door, followed by a loud knock, announced that the newspaper had been thrust into the letter-box, from which Dr H— immediately extracted it; and as he glanced over the page, the following paragraph met his eye. It was headed "Disgraceful and fatal riot at Donnybrook:"

"It is with mingled feelings of indignation, horror, and contempt, that we feel bound, in discharge of our imperative, onerous, and painful duty to the public, to give publicity to one of the most astounding, frightful, and overwhelming facts which it has ever fallen to our lot, as faithful journalists, to record. The peaceable, gentle, and innoxious inhabitants of the village of Donnybrook, and the casual visitors who sought a little innocent recreation at the fair now being holden, were yesterday evening thrown into a state of the utmost alarm, confusion, and dismay, by a barefaced attempt to carry off by brutal force a young girl from the guardianship and protection of her brother. It appears that they had gone into a tent to rest and refresh themselves (having probably over-exerted their light fantastic toes), when their savage assailants (respecting whose rank and station various rumours are afloat, which for the present we forbear from mentioning) rushed upon them, and endeavoured to force her away. The indignant bystanders interfered to prevent the outrage, when—will it, can it be believed? our pen trembles, and a cold thrill runs through us as we write it!—the worse than Indian war-whoop, the yell of the collegians, was raised, and their numbers would in all human probability have succeeded, but for the timely interference of the police, to whose humanity, promptitude, and forbearance, upon the trying occasion, too much praise cannot be given. The riot was not quelled until the military were called out, and by three o'clock this morning all was again quiet. Up to the time of going to press we had only heard of sixteen lives being lost.

Second Edition.—We stop the press to announce that no lives have been lost; but Sir Patrick Dunn's, the Meath, and Mercer's hospitals, are crowded with wounded. N.B. The soldiers were not called out.

Third Edition.—Dr Fitzgerald has just informed us that there are no wounded in either Sir Patrick's, the Meath, or Mercer's."

"Well," said Dr H—, "if they are not there, we at least know where some of them are."